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of the *Times* upon the rim of a wheel, and set it in rapid motion, he was able, notwithstanding in a dark room, to obtain a representation of several lines of the print in the instant occupied by the flash of an electric spark. But, should the fact we have narrated be examined, it may be found that the electrical power can display far greater marvels than have yet been dreamt of.

In a thunderstorm the clouds are mere non-electrics, or conducting surfaces, positive with a negative sphere extending to the earth; and the discharge, at a point from one large surface to another, is the lightning; or the earth is negative, and the clouds comparatively positive. All bodies in the sphere of action are affected, and the stroke produces an extensive lateral action in all conductors, and affects all combinations of oxygen, &c., with weak affinities, such as beer, wine, &c., which require the protection of conductors. The cloud, the air, and the earth, resemble the zinc, fluid, and copper in a

galvanic combination. The human body and all animal bodies are electrical, or galvanic combinations, and the excitement is the principle of vitality and energy. The surfaces positively excited are those of the lungs and the skin. The lungs fix oxygen and are positive, while the skin fixes an equivalent, and is negative. The circulations and secretions are intermediate results, and the action of the heart arises from the proximity of positive arterial blood with the negative venous blood. The action exhausts itself, as it ought, in the system.

Crosse enumerates the following circumstances which increase atmospherical electricity:—

1. Regular thunderclouds.
2. A driving fog and small rain.
3. Snow, or brisk hail.
4. A shower on a hot day.
5. Hot weather after wet, and wet after dry.
6. Clear weather, hot or frosty.
7. A cloudy sky.
8. A mottled sky.
9. Sultry and hazy weather.
10. A cold damp night.
11. North-east winds.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

AUTUMN was approaching as three small vessels rounded the cape which has since been named Point Levi, and came in sight of the bluff peak on which Quebec now stands. They were Frenchmen,—a sturdy band of sailors, equally prepared to face the terrors of the climate, or the fury of the savages,—well disciplined, and having full faith in their commander, Jacques Cartier, whose flag floated from the mizen of La Grande Hermine. Some of them had undertaken the voyage from a reckless spirit of adventure; others, because the narrow-minded police of France interfered materially with their comfort at home; one or two from a vague hope of gain, and as many from disappointed love. There were several gentlemen of good old Breton blood among the number, eager to verify the marvellous stories which Cartier had told of his first voyage. On the deck of the Grande Hermine stood Raoul de Mornac, as brave a Breton as ever trod a plank. On him the grandeur of the scene was lost; he gazed listlessly at the bold peak of Stadacona, the gloomy forests of pine and fir stretching as far as the eye could reach, the mighty river rolling slowly between the cliffs, and the silver line traced down the precipice by the falls of Montmorenci. For, though the perils of the sea and the arduous nature of his duties had for a time diverted his thoughts from the past, the sight of land had recalled to his mind with a painful freshness his native Brittany, the terrible image of a father's curse, and his broken-hearted Marie. She is no doubt by this time, thought he, another's bride. Beside him, a rough weather-beaten face, with receding forehead and protruding teeth, stood in bold contrast; a sad reprobate, in truth, was Jean Truchy, and well it was for him that Cartier waived his scruples to his forbidding physiognomy, and enrolled him among his crew. Lost in rapture at the novelty and grandeur of the scene, Ernest de Mony, nephew of Cartier's protector, and a welcome guest at the court of Francis I., had forgotten everything he had sworn to remember, even the cross hung round his neck by his devout mother, and the diamond ring which the beautiful Duchesse de Livray had, with many a prayer and many a tear, placed on his finger, as he tore himself from her arms. Here stood a reputed son of Louis XII., endowed with all the mildness and *fainéantise* of his father; he was no willing sharer in the toils of the voyage, but high birth, even when tarnished by the bar of bastardy, often involves heavy penalties. On the deck of La Petite Hermine, two brothers, natives of Normandy, looked heavily over the side, seemingly engrossed in their thoughts. Ruin had overtaken the house; their father, the old Marquis d'Evreux, had poured all his wealth into the royal coffers after the disaster at Pavia; and, as not unfrequently happened in those days, prosperity effaced all recollection of the service in the royal mind, and the old man died a beggar, leaving his sons houseless with a great name. Nor did the Emerillon bear less noble sailors among her crew. Her commander, Guillaume le Breton, owned a pedigree, and descended, if he

was to be believed, from the oldest house in the Province. The second in command was a Provençal, a man of immense bodily strength, imperturbable good temper, and a love for music which had frequently jeopardised the friendly relations existing between himself and his captain. Marc Jalobert, whom we ought to have mentioned before, commanded La Petite Hermine; he was, like Cartier, a mere sailor from St. Malo, but infinitely superior, in point of experience and judgment, to the nobles who served under his orders. The rest of the crew—amounting altogether to 110 men—were, as we said, a heterogeneous assemblage. Vice and depravity were stamped on as many faces as youthful ardour and enterprise. Men who had murdered their rivals, who had fled their creditors, who had held office as farmers of the revenue and tampered with the funds entrusted to their care, had smuggled themselves on board the vessels. One trait of character—and one only, perhaps—was common to all; and that was an unquestioning faith in religion. The most hardened criminal of the band had listened with devout awe to the pious prayer of the Bishop of Malo, as he implored the blessing of God and St. Mary on the daring mariners.

Such were the first Europeans who ascended the Saint Lawrence. Cartier, their leader, had already made one successful voyage to America, and carried home, from the territory bordering on the gulf, two of the natives, whom he called Taigno-agny and Domagaia. Stimulated by his own ambition, and encouraged by the representations of these Indians, he had resolved to endeavour to penetrate the continent by sailing up the great river he had named St. Laurent; and, through the support of Admiral Chabot and Charles de Mony, Seignior of Meilleriae, had succeeded in obtaining an armament of three vessels from the king. With these, well equipped and manned, he sailed from St. Malo on 19th May, 1535, reached the coast of America about the close of July, and slowly ascended the stream. As soon as he reached the Saguenay River, he began to hold intercourse with the inhabitants through his native interpreters, and received on every side marks of goodwill and kindness. While he lay at anchor some twenty miles below Quebec, the Agouhanna, or chief of the country, named Donacona, visited him with twelve canoes, and presented the travellers with fruit, fish, and bark. So high was the chief's consideration for Cartier, indeed, that on parting from his distinguished visitor, the French sailor was requested to suffer his arm to be kissed, in Indian fashion. Thus pleasantly occupied in a reciprocal interchange of civilities with the Indians, the expedition were overtaken by symptoms of the approach of winter before they had thought of preparing for their return. Some were terrified at the stories which were told of the rigour of the climate; others, among whom the gentlemen were foremost, rather relished the idea of the new sensation of extreme cold; the Indians were loath to part with their new friends; and, after mature deliberation, Cartier resolved on wintering

in the harbour of Quebec. He drew his vessels as high up as the water would allow him, in the mouth of the small river now called St. Charles, and there his ships remained seven months and a half.

As soon as La Grande Hermine and her consorts were safely moored, Cartier resolved to push on westward as far as the great village of Hochelaga. After some discussion, Guillaume le Breton persuaded Cartier to allow his vessel to accompany the boats with which he had intended to perform the journey; and the party left accordingly in the Emerillon and three large boats. Most of the gentlemen obtained permission to join Cartier: the only ones who remained were de Mornac, who had been seized with a slow fever, and was lying ill in an Indian wigwam at Stadacona, and Ernest de Mony, who, rather to the surprise of his chief, declined the honour of serving as Cartier's first lieutenant on the expedition. Donnacona, the Indian chief, was very unwilling that the strangers should depart; he painted the terrors of the journey in terrible colours, and the Indian women displayed the utmost grief at the loss of their new friends. Tenara, the beautiful wife of the chief Wakanse, implored Cartier to wait for the approach of spring; and Olenaray and Riassay, daughters of the former Agouhanna, whose hearts were sought by the bravest of the young warriors, left no means of persuasion untried to shake the purpose of the travellers. Nor were they unaided in the task. Young and old, matrons and maidens, warriors and children, hung round Cartier and his comrades, and evinced, by their lamentations, both their grief at the obstinacy of the Frenchmen, and their gloomy apprehensions regarding the issue of their daring expedition. Nasaki alone, the dark-haired daughter of Donnacona, held aloof from her tribe, and could not be persuaded to join her intreaties to those of her father and her friends.

The Emerillon sailed. No sooner had her white sails disappeared behind Stadacona Cape, than the whole village relapsed into tranquillity. The disappointed Indians did not murmur: they trusted to the *manitou* of the foreigners; and while they invoked the aid of the Great Spirit to guide and protect the absent, turned all their attention to please and comfort those who had remained behind. Of these, a large proportion, comprising several trusty men, with a few of the worst of his crew, had been strictly ordered by Cartier to remain on board the ships; but the others, enjoying more liberty, and rightly preferring the hospitality of the Indians to a dreary life on ship-board, were easily persuaded to take up their quarters among the natives. Every resource was put in requisition by the Indians to amuse them. Games requiring agility and strength were displayed every evening, and resulted generally in the defeat of the foreigners. Hunting expeditions constantly sallied forth into the woods, and the young strangers were always welcome companions. Dances and music whiled away the long evenings by the blazing fires of pitch-pine. The Frenchmen were delighted with their allies, and soon became as friendly with Donnacona as though he had sworn allegiance to his majesty Francis I. Ernest de Mony especially was attached to, and a great favourite with, the chief. The younger warriors rather despised him on account of his reluctance to join their hunting parties, and the contempt he did not disguise for their wrestling-matches and contests of strength; but there was a calm firmness in his eye which (even had the duties of hospitality suffered it) effectually deterred them from any open expression of their sentiment. The exile from the court at Paris preferred the society of the fair Nasaki to the more manly occupations of his comrades: by her side he would wander day after day over the frowning hills, through the dense forests, and often watch the setting sun gild the surface of the bay. Or she would seat him in her frail canoe, and paddle rapidly up the silver stream of St. Charles; then, when her bark had reached some silent secluded spot, where the overhanging branches met, and nought was heard but the chirrup of birds and the subdued roar of the distant cataract, she would turn its prow to the east, and float slowly down the stream, singing the melancholy songs of her native land to an enraptured listener.

His friend De Mornac, meanwhile, lay unconscious on an Indian bed in the wigwam of Wakause. His hostess, Tenara, was unwearyed in her attentions; but bodily pain, and long mental suffering, had disabled De Mornac from appreciating her kindness. In his lucid moments, he would have welcomed death. Blighted, as he believed, by the curse of an unjust, ambitious father,—degraded from his military rank by the perfidious influence of his rival,—betrayed, finally, by her on whom he had built all his earthly hopes,—for him the world could contain no possible happiness. Death was his only cure; and death in a land of strangers, without a friend to remind him of the past, seemed the best suited to his temper. So time passed, until Cartier returned from Hochelaga, laden with presents, and bearing with him a little girl, whose father had presented her to the adventurous traveller. He reached his vessels on 11th October, and soon afterwards the cold weather began to set in. With its first approach commenced the misfortunes of the Frenchmen.

Strange to say, the extraordinary kindness of Donnacona and his tribe had not persuaded Cartier that their friendly assurances were sincere. He fancied the Indians meditated an attack on his vessels during winter, and had them fortified and surrounded by palisades. He seemed reluctant to continue his intercourse with the shore. On the other hand, the Indians were justly indignant at the brutal conduct of many of Cartier's crew. Nothing but the superior strength of the red men had, on several occasions, protected their women from insult; and too frequently the cunning Frenchmen had overreached the simplicity of the natives. Donnacona, with noble magnanimity, refused to credit the tales brought him by his warriors, and could not understand the cautious policy of Cartier. With rude eloquence, he bade the interpreters assure the Frenchmen that they had smoked the calumet of peace, and that the hatchet of war was buried beneath the sod: his wigwam, he said, would always be open to the white man. Still Cartier remained incredulous; and to the general surprise of his men, as well as the Indians, he suddenly resolved to cut off all communication between his vessels and the shore. Orders were forthwith issued to the crews that they were not to wander beyond a certain line traced on the ice round the ships.

The Indians were thunderstruck at the news. Donnacona visited Cartier in person, and reproached him with his suspicions; but in vain. Cartier was inexorable, and the chief returned after renewing his assurances of friendship. The Frenchmen, who had acquired a relish for the society of the Indians, obeyed the stern mandate with reluctance. Their commander was resolute, and even De Mornac, whose incipient recovery was likely to be checked by a removal and exposure to the cold, was carried on board in a hammock. De Mony and one of the interpreters alone were missing at the first muster. Inquiry being made for the the former, his friend, D'Evereux, announced to Cartier that the young Parisian had resolved on adopting the Indian life, and settling at Stadacona. Enraged at the desertion of a valuable counsellor, and already picturing the indignation of the old Chevalier de Mony at the loss of his nephew, Jacques Cartier instantly dispatched a file of men, under the command of Le Breton, to bring the absentee on board, by force if necessary.

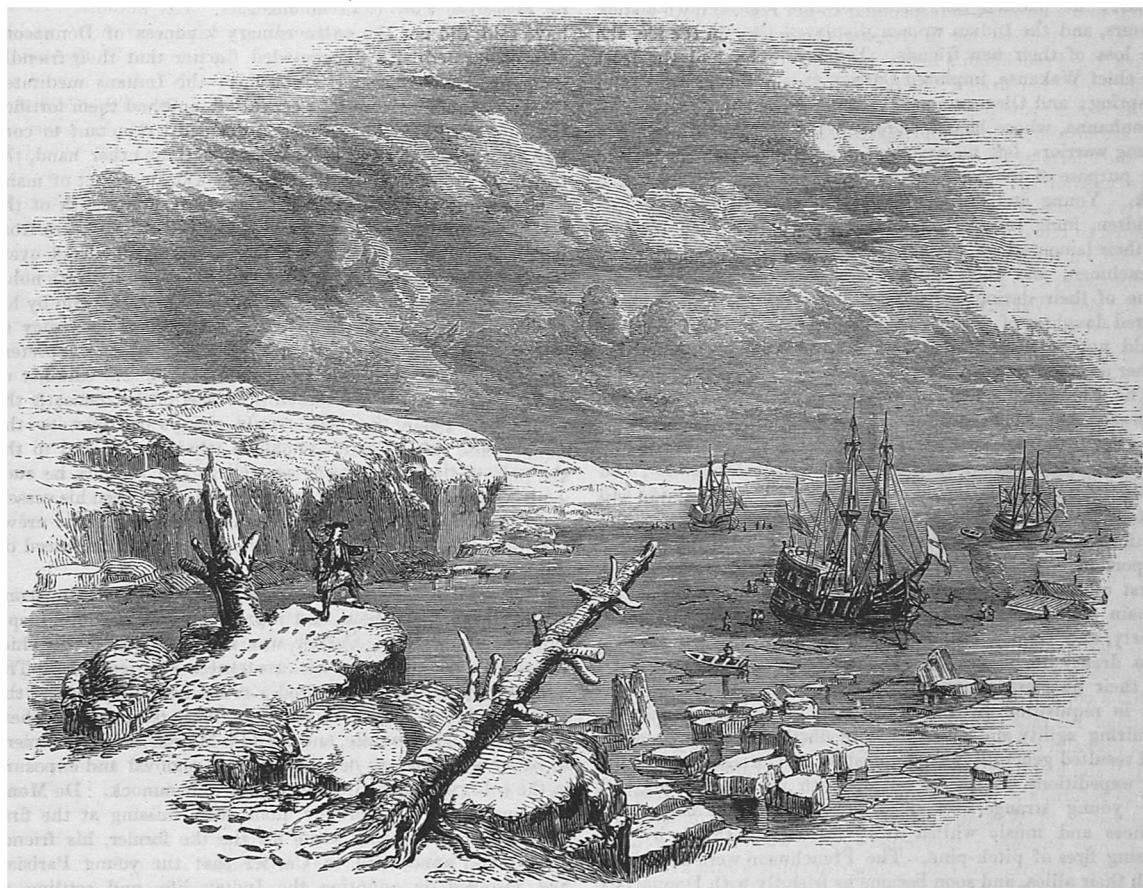
They found him in Donnacona's wigwam, surrounded by the leading warriors of his tribe. Nasaki was by his side, following his every movement with looks of love, and the missing interpreter crouched timidly at his feet. Le Breton explained the object of his visit with the bluntness of a sailor. De Mony sprang to his feet at once, and replied briefly, but firmly, that he renounced his country, and abandoned the expedition: that henceforth he was an Indian, and would not leave his adopted land. The only answer of the Frenchman was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and a sign to his men to seize De Mony. The first who approached him was felled to the earth; the second fared no better; and even when overpowered by numbers, the young nobleman dealt such sturdy blows right and left that his captors won no bloodless victory. They were too numerous, however, for the contest to last

long, and were dragging him off, when the Indian warriors, apprized by the interpreter of their design, fell upon the Frenchmen with the fury of savages, and scattered them in a twinkling. Short would have been their triumph over their prisoner, then, if the warriors had been uninterrupted. Powerless in the brawny hands of the powerful men of the forest, the sailors would soon have expiated their audacity in violating the Indians' hearth. Tomahawks were already brandished in the air, and scalping knives flashed before the eyes of the bewildered Frenchmen. Already was an iron hand twisted in the hair of Le Breton, and a heavy knee planted on his chest. A happy thing it was for them at this crisis that a sonorous voice rang through the air, domineering the din of the conflict, and ordering the Indians, in imperious tones, to desist from the conflict.

The voice was Donnacona's. It was promptly obeyed. Le

had heard his brief adieu, her father separated her from him, and led her to the farthest corner of the wigwam.

An hour afterwards, the old chief was sitting moodily smoking his calumet. His daughter, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, was bitterly reproaching him with what she conceived to be his neglect of the duties of hospitality. Love lent an earnestness to her arguments, and the twitchings of the old man's face—a rare thing in an Indian—showed that he was not quite satisfied with his own conduct. Large whiffs of smoke rolled into the air, and followed each other in more rapid succession as Nassaki dilated on the virtues of the chief they had lost. For a moment the chief's hand grasped the handle of his tomahawk with nervous energy, and he seemed to meditate reprisals; but his sense of right prevailed, and, casting a reproachful glance at his daughter, he exclaimed:—"The white man must obey his chief: Donnacona cannot



CARTIER'S VESSEL IN THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ST. CHARLES.

Breton was allowed to arise, and his companions released from the terrible grasp of their assailants. A few seconds longer, and it had been too late.

In a few brief words, delivered in an authoritative manner, the chief explained to his subjects that they had no right to interfere in the concerns of the strangers; that the authority of the white chief over his warriors was as sacred as his own; and that while he would welcome to his wigwam any of the Frenchmen who chose to become members of their tribe, he would not interpose between Cartier and his crew, or countenance any violation of duty in the latter.

With Indian taciturnity, the warriors resumed their seats in silence. The Frenchmen, comprehending by their actions the purport of the chief's discourse, eagerly seized De Mony, who was taken by surprise, and could not oppose any effectual resistance to his captors. Nassaki sprang in to their midst, and clung round her lover's neck for a moment; but ere she

stain his honour by resisting his rightful authority." Nassaki fell prostrate at her father's feet. At that moment a shout was heard outside, a sudden noise of feet followed, and, with a single bound, De Mony stood before them.

He had escaped from his captors, and was now, as he exclaimed in broken Indian, no longer De Mony the Frenchman, but Nagagin the Indian.

His countrymen soon abandoned the pursuit after him. The recollection of their narrow escape was sufficient to deter them from further expeditions of a like nature, and they frankly told Cartier that he must send his whole force, or renounce all hope of recovering the deserter. Their commander reluctantly adopted the latter alternative. He had, in truth, other motives besides fear for shunning an outbreak with the Indians.

Meanwhile De Mornac was at the point of death. Every day since his removal, Tenara, his late hostess, had visited

the ship with fruits and herbs for the sick man: her earnest solicitations had overcome the strict quarantine established by Cartier, and she alone was suffered to infringe the rule of seclusion adopted against her tribe. Much romance there was in her visits in the eyes of the Frenchmen. Though her lips were sealed, her deep affection for De Mornac was plainly enough apparent in her eyes and her gestures; and the sentinels who watched her depart at night, told strange tales of the Indian who frequently met her on the ice, and treated her with a savage brutality which might very possibly be the fruits of jealousy. Their surmise was soon to be confirmed. Early in January, Cartier ordered the rule of exclusion to be rigidly enforced against the pale Indian woman. When she met the sentinel next morning, she was gruffly given to understand by signs that she could not be admitted to the ship. For a moment she stood paralysed with astonishment and despair. Light soon breaking in upon her, she acted with a vigour and a promptitude peculiar to her race. With a stick she carried to assist her in crossing the cracks on the ice, she struck the Frenchman a heavy blow before he had the least suspicion of her design; he fell heavily on the ground, and flat as a deer; she passed him, reached the cabin, flew through the astonished sailors, and clasped De Mornac in her arms. All the efforts of the gentlemen to detach her from the invalid were unavailing; and partly from compassion for her, and partly in compliance with the entreaties of De Mornac, she was suffered to remain on board. Cartier consented to grant permission, on the distinct condition that she was not, under any circumstances, to return to Stadacona.

That day, Wakause, with several warriors, advanced to the side of Cartier's vessels, and demanded that his wife be restored to him. He was told through the interpreter that she preferred remaining where she was, and that the white men would not suffer her to depart. As he appeared dissatisfied with this reply, a couple of guns were discharged over his head, his companions took to flight, and he reluctantly followed their example.

He carried his grievances to his chief, and implored the assistance of the whole tribe to avenge his wrong. The warriors were eager to attack the Frenchmen whose conduct had effectually effaced all kindly feelings from their hearts. De Mony, or Nagogin, as we should now call him, volunteered to go singly to Cartier, and pledged his faith that he would drag the Indian Helen from the arms of her Paris. But Donnacona would not hear of any such rash enterprise. He called a council of his warriors, and in the picturesque language of his race (which we regret that we cannot reproduce), gave his calm opinion on the matter. "Tenara was gone," he said, "she had deserted her husband and her home; and were she to return, she would assuredly be put to death. Was the justification of Wakause's revenge on this poor woman worth the bloody encounter they must expect with the white men? "And oh, believe," he said, "the great spirit would avenge the Indian's wrongs. If, when summer came, they were still living, it would still be time to wreak their vengeance on the perfidious strangers."

This temperate council prevailed. Wakause rose moodily from the council, and was followed by a few of the younger chiefs. The elder portion of the assembly, though with clouded brows, concurred in Donnacona's sentiment.

The Indian spoke too truly. The piercing cold had already paralysed the Frenchmen. The snow rose in height around their vessels until they could no longer see the shore from the deck. Every thing which was not close to the stove became solid and hard as a stone. The clothes of the sailors were a contemptible protection; and, one after another, the best men were laid up with frost bites. To complicate their misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among them with unusual virulence. Jean Truchy lay helpless in his hammock. Both the brothers D'Evreux were unable to crawl on deck; most of the crew of the *Emerillon* were dead. Before January, no less than thirty men were attacked. Instead of diminishing, the disease increased in proportion to the attempts made to check it. All Cartier's sailor experience, and the medical science

of a quack named Fisit, were at fault. Twelve men died in January, and were buried at night under the snow. Cartier himself was attacked and disabled. The little squadron was a hospital without physicians or nurses. An easy prey they would have been, had Wakause's sanguinary designs been carried out by the Indians.

In total unconsciousness of the lamentable condition of the foreigners, Wakause and a few of the warriors were meanwhile laying a profound plot for revenge. It created no surprise, therefore, among the Indians, when Wakause announced to his friends his intention of punishing the seducer of his wife, and wreaking his vengeance on the whole party of white men. A large number of warriors promised to join him in the attack, and emissaries were sent to tribes at a distance, requesting their aid. It was resolved to postpone the attack till the month of May, when the hunting season would be over.

Donnacona was not informed of these plans, but, as might be expected, they came to his ears. His authority, as we have said, did not extend far enough to prevent them; and he was penetrated with dismay when he thought of the certain issue of the conflict. His son-in-law, Nagogin, shared his fears; and, after an anxious consultation, it was resolved that the old chief should make one decided effort to save the Frenchmen. To appeal to Wakause they knew would be fruitless: Donnacona resolved to visit Cartier.

He set out at night alone with the interpreter. When he reached the vessels, he was struck by the death-like silence which prevailed. Taignoagny, the interpreter, called Cartier, but no answer was heard. He called a second time, and a faint groan issued from the cabin. Donnacona advanced at once in that direction, and the French commander staggered out, more like a spectre than the handsome stalwart sailor Donnacona had seen only a few months before. The Indian chief lost no time in conveying to Cartier, by means of the interpreter, the object of his visit. He warned him of his danger, and pointed out, in noble manly language, that it was the just retribution of the crime of his crew. If Tenara were sent back at once, he thought, the impending catastrophe might possibly be averted; but if the white men persisted in retaining her, no earthly power could save them from the Indian tomahawk.

"They must lose n' time, then," replied Cartier, bitterly; "a few days hence, there will be no more lives here to take. Disease and cold have destroyed my crew. Twenty-six brave fellows lie frozen in the snow; eighty others are dying in the hold. Let the Indians hasten their work, if they would have our scalps. And learn," he added, steadying himself with both his hands, "that Jacques Cartier will never give up a woman who has sought his protection to be butchered by savages. The red men may come when they like: we know how to die."

Donnacona withdrew; the courage of Cartier touched his heart; he forgave his breach of honour, and only thought of his noble determination, to die rather than surrender the frail Indian girl, nor was he insensible to the pitiable condition of his crew. The scurvy was well known to the Indians, and with that instinct which was no mean substitute for scientific knowledge, they had discovered an herb which was an infallible remedy for its ravages. Donnacona's first thought was to restore the Frenchmen to health, in order, said he to himself, that if they are to be assailed, they may be able to defend themselves. Accordingly, on the following evening, the old chief visited Cartier a second time, and left with him a sufficient quantity of the herb to cure twice as many patients as were attacked.

Spring approached. The ice began to split and move. Huge flakes floated down the river with the ebb tide, and disappeared mysteriously. Though the flood was as impetuous and as regular as the ebb, it seldom restored what the latter had carried away. At length, to Cartier's indescribable joy, the ships were freed from their icy incloings, and floated once more.

On the evening of the 15th May (old style), all was bustle on board the *Grande Hermine*. Old sailors were busily engaged

in splicing ropes and mending sails. Carpenters were hammering, and sawing, and fitting spars. One or two gentlemen were carefully examining a collection of rare plants and geological specimens which they had collected from the neighbouring shores. The cooks were inspecting the condition of the provisions, and the state of the water-casks. Jacques Cartier himself was in a feverish state of excitement. Superintending everything in person, he seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity; his cheerful voice was heard in every corner of the ship, encouraging his men, and jesting merrily on the perils they had overcome. "A few weeks more, mes amis," said he, "and we shall set our foot on *La Belle France*." Then suddenly changing his tone and manner, he accosted a young Frenchman, who was sharpening a sword on a grindstone, and sternly observed, "No bloodshed, Jules, recollect, I caution you."

A few hours before this dialogue, a strong party of Indian warriors had left Stadacona in their war dress. Wakause was at their head, scarcely containing his exultation at the prospect of his revenge being gratified. As he issued from the village, he turned angrily round, and, waving his hatchet above his head, muttered an Indian curse on his venerable chief, Donnacona, and his white friends. Good reason had he, in truth, for feeling dissatisfied. Not content with putting the Frenchmen on their guard, Donnacona had wrought vigorously to dissuade his countrymen from the enterprise: and so great was the regard paid to his wishes that many of Wakause's fellow-conspirators had relinquished their design. Unfortunately for Donnacona's humane scheme, the emissaries sent by Wakause to the neighbouring villages had performed their task so efficiently, that large reinforcements amply compensated the defections at home. Lest Donnacona's influence should throw any obstacle in the way of the attack, if the party set out in their canoes from the village, it was resolved that the warriors should rendezvous at the falls, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some eight miles from Stadacona, and thither Wakause and his friends were hastening, when the largest boat of *La Grande Hermine* began to move noiselessly towards the shore.

She was manned by twenty-five stout men. Marc Jalobert was in command, and, in case of accidents, Guillaume Le Breton was ready to take his place. Stout Francisque, the Provençal, took the helm, and the oars were manned by powerful seamen, in whose faces disease had left no perceptible mark. The whole party were armed with cutlasses, and a few arquebuses.

The first thing to be done was to discover the object of the search—their late comrade, *Earnest de Mony*. For this purpose, Marc Jalobert and a Parisian, named Matthieu, who had served as Mony's valet, separated themselves from the party, and advanced cautiously towards the Indian fire. They scanned each figure in silence, but without success. All wore the Indian costume; to all appearance, there was no European among the number. Jalobert uttered an involuntary curse. At this moment, Donnacona ceased speaking, and a young man in the dress of a chief rose to stretch his hand to him, as if in gratitude for what he had said. Matthieu instantly exclaimed, "My master!" The exclamation was heard by the Indians, and one or two sprang to their feet. Marc Jalobert and Matthieu instantly fell to the ground, and remained motionless for a few moments. The Indians, attributing the sound they had heard to the children who were in the neighbourhood, resumed their debate. Cautiously creeping on all-fours to their companions, Jalobert and Matthieu hastily explained that they had discovered *De Mony*, and the former gave orders for the attack.

It was executed with promptitude. Two guns were discharged at a given signal over the heads of the Indians; and while the latter were stupefied by surprise and terror, the whole party of Frenchmen fell upon them like a tornado. Every savage who did not take to flight was felled with the cutlass. Old Donnacona had risen to front the enemy, and the first sailor who approached him had reason to know that the vigour of the old man's arm was not yet impaired. He fell weltering in his blood. Le Breton, enraged at the loss of a

valuable hand, instantly discharged his arquebuse into the midst of the Indians. The shot was fatal to more than one. The Indians, not yet familiarised with fire-arms, fled in all directions. When the smoke cleared, old Donnacona, *De Mony*, and *Taignoagny* stood alone. Seizing his heavy arquebuse by the barrel, and swinging it round his head, *Le Breton* sprang forward in the direction of the old chief: one moment and the deed was done. But rapid as was his movement, young *De Mony* was still more active: with a single bound, he grasped the heavy Frenchman by the middle and threw him to the earth. The next moment the giant *Francisque* had wound his iron arms round *De Mony*, and held him as in a vice. It was *Donnacona's* turn to rescue his preserver. A blow, which, had it not been parried, would have laid the Provençal in the dust, was followed by another, more fatal, on poor *Matthieu's* head; and *Donnacona* closed with the sturdy captor of his son-in-law. The three men were locked in each other's arms, and writhed like serpents twisted in each other's folds.

"Carry both to the ships, quick!" shouted *Marc Jalobert*. "Time presses, in a few moments we shall have the whole tribe upon us."

He was instantly obeyed; *Donnacona* and his son-in-law were lifted by main force, and carried off.

One hour after they reached the *Grande Hermine* the moorings to the stakes were cut, and *Cartier's* vessel, with the little *Emerillon*, began to drop down the St. Lawrence with the ebb tide and a fair westerly wind. Wakause, with indescribable feelings, saw them sail from the heights where *Beaufort* now stands. As they passed the village of *Stadacona*, a canoe came towards them, but was waved off by *Cartier*. As it still advanced, a shot was fired over it. It was motionless for a few seconds; then the sailors on deck saw a female form rise in the frail bark, and disappear with a piercing shriek under the waves. *De Mony* was in close confinement in the hold.

The Petite Hermine was left behind, for want of hands to man her. Our artist has given a sketch of her appearance as she lay locked in the ice in her winter quarters. It may add some interest to the sketch to observe, that in 1843 the wreck of the hull of a vessel, corresponding in every particular to our notions of *La Petite Hermine*, was discovered on the spot where *Cartier* spent the winter of 1535-6; and that, though some difference of opinion exists on the point, the weight of authority among antiquaries is in favour of the identity of the wreck with the vessel commanded by *Marc Jalobert*.

THE FALLS OF THE ROUMEL, NEAR CONSTANTINA, ALGIERS.

This picturesque cascade is caused by the junction of the several mountain-streams which water the valley behind the city of Constantina, in the eastern province of the kingdom of Algiers. The waters unite at the foot of the rocks on which the city is built, thus forming the river *Roumel*, more correctly called *Ouad el Roumel*. It is curious to watch the meeting of these waters; not having been able to overcome the obstacles which prevented them gaining their level, they have with difficulty forced a subterraneous passage through the rocks, the rugged aspect of which gives evidence of the convulsions to which the country has been subject. Our engraving represents the view of the deep gorges (called by the Arabs *el-Haona*, the precipice) where the torrent foams and roars as if infuriated by the many obstacles which impede its progress. The defile forms a natural moat to the city, which, in the ancient system of attack, rendered the position of Constantina almost inaccessible. It is formed of stupendous rocks, with here and there narrow ledges by which they may be ascended. The *Roumel* first disappears through a vast arch; to which the Arabs have given the name of *Dholnia* (the Gloomy), and pursues its course through a rocky and subterraneous passage, above which rise the triple arches of a